

# The World's Attention Again Turns to Arms

The Photo on the Right Is That of Peggy Vere, Runner-up in the Paris Competition for Arm Shapeliness.



If the Longer Skirts Hadn't Brought Sleevelessness the King of Spain Couldn't Have Started an International Controversy.

**SAID the King of Spain:**  
The arms of American women are too stout!  
Those of British women are too skinny!  
Spanish arms are too short!  
France supplies the prettiest small women.  
Italy has the best Juno types.

BY WINIFRED VAN DUZER.

AND so, of course, if the king of Spain hadn't raised his royal voice in the matter, we might have gone on and on indefinitely without paying any special attention to points of the feminine arm, good and bad, and wondering if la mode du jour is kind or clever or ironical or downright disagreeable!

As it is, we have become convinced that Dame Fashion must leave a portion of the figure undraped, since such appears to be her method of maintaining balance for other portions which she rather overdrapes. Yesterday, as the history of 3000 years hence will record with gusto and many an exaggerated sketch, no doubt, she removed all—or practically all—covering from below the knees—and sometimes above the knees!—and hung it bunchily round the hips in godettes and panels, and crowded it over the shoulders in long, angel-wing sleeves.

Today, as everybody all interested in the look of lovely ladies well knows, the legs are wrapped round and round and the hips still are bunchy with surplus folds and they do say that the bustle is on its way! But oh, the arms! Bare from the elbow, bare from the shoulder, hanging long and a bit startling and very, very naked against the floating fabrics which the dictatorial dame loves for the moment!

Now, whether those arms are beautiful or not is purely a matter of opinion. Some of the owners of them admit that they are. They are very beautiful, they say, what with a peach-blush skin coaxed out of a large assortment of jars and boxes, pink and white, and the cunningest dimples, natural as life itself and practically permanent since the new waterproof rouge is so easy to use! Others maintain that beauty is as it is, and what is it anyway? According to their theory the handsome arm is the efficient arm; the one which can beat a game of tennis or smoothly drive a motor through the rush hour.

But King Alfonso of Spain feels differently, as a countryful of nettled feminine arm-wearers well-knows. Dropping round to the Deauville races on an idle afternoon, the Castilian monarch whose own personal comeliness is not apparent, waved a languid eye over such samples of American womanhood as happened to be hanging on the rail, and told the world, via a group of writing gentlemen who were present, that he didn't like the new sleeveless dresses.

He particularly didn't like the new sleeveless dresses when they were on American women, he added, after meditation. He didn't like sleeveless dresses on American women because they revealed American women's arms. And American women's arms, he finished profoundly, ought, never, never, never to be revealed!

Said the king of Spain:  
"They're too fat! The women have courage to exhibit them!"

"A woman may wear decolette, or a gown which leaves her back bare, or she may appear in the shortest of skirts, but she never presents the same look of nakedness so arrayed as when her arms are bare to the shoulder. Fancy them appearing thus at a race meeting where the light is the broad illumination of day, and not the shaded artificial one that conceals faults!"

Perhaps it was because the king had the grace to supplement his statement that the astonishing "arms contest" was organized and held and brought to success in Paris. His further opinion was this:

"Very few women of any nationality have arms pretty enough to warrant the new bare-to-the-shoulder fashion. While arms of American women are too stout, those of British women are too skinny. Spanish arms are too short! France cited the Paris beauties that hundreds of



Miss Carmel de Smythe, Winner of the Recent California "Perfect Figure" Contest, Is a "Perfect 36." Her Arm Measures 10 1/4 Inches and Her Forearm 9 Inches. She Is 5 Feet, 5 1/2 Inches Tall and Weighs 140 Pounds.

given them poise as well as symmetry!"

As if to endorse Mr. Christy's theory, three winners in three of the biggest beauty contests ever held in this country, are devoted to athletics, and especially to swimming. Dainty Harriet Gimbel, who won first prize at the Greenwich Village "artists' ball," and who is said to be the smallest comedienne on the American stage, measuring, as she does, only four feet and eight inches from top to toe, swims with the biggest of them. And her arms are shapely as never were those of Venus de Milo before that lady dispensed with hers!

And about the same descriptions applies to Miss Carmel de Smythe, who won the San Francisco exposition contest for the most perfect figure in California, and to Miss Rhea LaPorte of Alhambra, Cal., declared by a committee of artists, sculptors and other experts to be not only the most beautiful woman in the Golden State, but in the entire west as well!

Miss Sally Farnham, the sculptress, is another authority on feminine shapeliness who has taken up the row with Alfonso.

"There are dozens and dozens of women in New York alone," she declared, "who have more beautiful arms than the king of Spain ever saw! Particularly are society women in the east noted for the attractiveness of their arms!"



The Arms Adjudged Most "Perfect" in the Paris Contest. They Are Possessed by Mlle. Edmonde Guy, Who Since Has Been Declared the Most Beautiful Woman in France.

## ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE REORGANIZED AT END OF WORLD WAR

Mounties No Longer Allowed to Be Special Police for One District, But Are Made to Serve Whole of Canada—Name Also Is Changed as Result.

WHEN, during the world war, so many of the Canadian Mounties enlisted that the force had to be disbanded, it was thought that the end had come for the most famous police force in the world.

It was a blow to the world of lovers of romance, for the Royal Northwest Mounted Police had found a warm place in the hearts of all enthusiasts, all who can be thrilled by adventure, endurance and all the other qualities of stout heart and brave men.

Novels, tales, Gramas and especially the movies had spread their fame throughout the world, and the threat of disbanding them sent a chill through the millions who had come to know of them. But after the war many came back; and so sorely had they been missed that the famous organization was speedily reconstituted and sent back to its duties in the lawless lands of the far north.

Nevertheless there had been a change in the relationship between the Mounties and the government. This change was given concrete expression when the Mounties were no longer allowed to be a special police for a district, but were made to serve for the whole of Canada.

Whole Dominion Included.

Their new name is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and their patrol now includes the whole of the dominion.

The strange sight of Canadian Mounties strapping along the paved streets of Ottawa or Quebec or any other of the larger cities of the country is gradually becoming a customary spectacle to the citizens when previously it was necessary to make a trip to the primitive northwest to see them.

In their picturesque red blouses and their wide-brimmed hats and prancing on their spirited horses, they make a fine spectacle indeed, even though it had been meant originally for the primeval woods or the great northern forests.

But the woods have not been left without them. They are still to be seen in the depths of the white northwest and they are going further and further north as this message shows.

The Mounties are to be found not only in their old haunts in the Yukon and along the Columbia rivers and along the edge of the Arctic circle; they have gone further and are now established in a station that probably gives them the distinction of being the most northerly policemen on earth.

Ponds inlet is in latitude 72 degrees 40 minutes north, and there are few settlements of any kind as far north as that

with the exception perhaps of Eskimo villages and starting places, like Point Barrow, from which Arctic explorers hop off.

Sergeant A. H. Joy, chosen to carry out civilization to this barren ice spot, is one of the best known and most trusted of the troopers of this remarkable police force.

The northwest of Canada has filled up with settlers to a great extent and naturally has modified the wild and adventurous life that obtained there and secured for the Mounties who somehow kept it in order their romantic reputation.

The Indians who formerly caused so much trouble have been given special treatment and are now law-abiding and contented citizens, and the field of operations in that region of the mounted police has become less exciting and perhaps more humdrum and routine.

As the forests of the country have been cleared and the Indian elements converted into good citizens time and opportunity has been given the police to get busy in another primitive section of Canada's vast reaches.

There are still about a million square miles of territory that can be called virgin. Just as Canada formerly rolled back the curtains of her wilderness across the plains and mountains to the Pacific ocean she is now rolling it in a northerly direction to the Arctic sea and beyond that frozen ocean on to the islands that stud the sea in a bewildering confusion, reaching, it is said, up to the north pole.

The new post at Ponds inlet in Baffin land is further north than Coronation Point. Early explorers in that region were so shocked that there were people living in that desolation that they brought back the story that they had found a land inhabited entirely by fur-clad devils, genuine devils with horns, referring probably to native beards, which, like that of the northern Indians, included often moose horns.

Station Farthest North.

It enjoys the distinction of being the farthest north police station in the world. Before the world war Russia had a police post in Nova Zembla, which was a few minutes, speaking in terms of latitude, further north than this Mounties post at Ponds inlet; but it is unlikely that the bolsheviks have managed to maintain it, and thus the distinction of the Ponds inlet post remains unchallenged.

The Canadian Mounted Police is about 50 years old. At that time all of Canada west of Lake Superior was a howling wilderness without any constituted agents



Harriet Gimbel Draws Herself Up to the Full Majesty of Her Four Feet, Eight Inches, to Assert That Her Diminutive Arms Fulfill All Esthetic Demands.

of organized government. Then Canada purchased the northwest territories from the Hudson Bay company and it was decided that some form of orderly government should be instituted.

Thus in 1874, by a decree of Sir John Macdonald, sometimes called the father of the dominions, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was formed. It started with 300 men, who marched across the plains, establishing posts and bringing the law into a land that had known nothing but feud justice and the vigilantes.

Today there are more than five times as many of the Mounties, and what must never be forgotten in any story about them, 750 horses.

The first duty they had to perform was the pacification of the Indians. This was accomplished with a remarkably small amount of trouble. Incidentally, it was a wise move in the selection of uniforms which made their task easier.

For some reason or other the Indians felt that they had been treated unjustly by the soldiers of the United States government, and when they saw the blue of an American trooper's uniform they were in a rage and difficult to get under control.

The Mounties, therefore, were given red uniforms, flaming and picturesque colors, which by wise methods they made the Indians feel was a real symbol of law and order, beneficial to them, too.

Besides trouble with the Indians, they had difficulty at first with the half-breeds and the whites, who felt themselves outside the pale of the law. The unruly elements among them soon found that the long arm of civilization had reached them.

The work of the Mounties includes almost everything included in the word government.